

**HALF
WAY
CUT**

A selection of songs for light entertainment

ISRAEL SONG

On the bevy
Ye can go to Tel Aviv
On the bevy
We'll do things you won't believe
On the bevy
And we'll never want to leave
On the bevy, on the bevy

2

On the bevy
From a bottle or a can
On the bevy
And we'll get a Barry tan
On the bevy
And we don't need any scran
On the bevy, on the bevy

3

On the bevy
Ye can really sing and dance
On the bevy
Some Israeli style romance
On the bevy
And we don't wear underpants
On the bevy, on the bevy

We've got Stu, we've got Stu, we've got Stu and he's after you

Music : Village People (trad.)

KYLE SONG I

DEE DEE DEET DEET DEET DEE DEE DEE DEE

When the bus pulls away on that morning in May

All the boys will be pissed for a while

'Cos while you're stuck at home, we'll be up for the game

We'll be givin' it laldy in Kyle!

'Cos there's Andy & Martin and Keith'll be fartin'

There's Jeff and there's James and there's Stu

Aye the bus'll be smelly so take yer umbrella

'Cos the reprobate sits beside you.

DEE DEE DEET DEET DEET DEE DEE DEE DEE

If the boys can keep sober the contest is over

And we know that we'll win by a mile

But if we should come second then somehow I reckon

We'll still give it laldy in Kyle!

'Cos we'll sing and we'll dance and if we get the chance

We'll drink the place dry if we can

Aye we'll cause a big riot and Kyle won't be quiet

'Til they lock us all back in the van.

DEE DEE DEET DEET DEET DEE DEE DEE DEE

Music : Kyle Lament

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

It's a lonesome away from your kindred and all
Round the campfire at night where the wild dingoes call
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to stand in the bar of a PUB WITH NO BEER.

Young Robert Vicato sits in a mood
Waits for his favourite uncle to bring him some food
But he hides in the corner shaking with fear
When the Auld Yin announces the PUB HAD NO BEER.

Young Julia Morris wakes in in a sweat
Puts her hand to the floor, thinks that it might be wet
But she gets a surprise when it's dry and it's clear
Then the Reprobate tells her the PUB HAD NO BEER.

Now young Derek Watson, the first time in his life
He's coming home sober to his darling wife
As she hears him approaching she says you're early my dear
Then he breaks down and tells her the PUB HAD NO BEER.

BOB VICATO I

We smelt the shite on the night we walked past Bob Vicato
We caught a whiff of his bum as he walked through the door

B O B B Y WIS MINGIN !

We threw him in the bath, and he smelt no more.

Chorus

My my Bob Vicato

Why why Bob Vicato

Now he'll try to give us the old evil eye

Forgive me Vicato I just couldn't take any more!

When Martin got up the next day he was in the Sir Arthurs

Andy was coughin' his guts up, he wasnae too well

B O B B Y WAS LAUGHING!

He said 'I bet that you both wish you'd just let me smell'

Chorus

Music: Jones

BOB VICATO 2

The minute you walked in the joint
I could see you were a cat of distinction, a Bob Vicato
Long whiskers and evil eye
How'd you like to know what's going on in my mind?
So let me get right to the point
I don't pop my cork for every cat I see
BOB VICATO..... lay your evil eye off me!

Would you like to have Kit-E-Kat?
Would you like to have..... Bounce?
D'you want me to throw you some..... Munchies?
D'you want me to throw you some..... Munchies?

So let me get right to the point
I don't pop my cork for every cat I see
BOB VICATO..... BOB VICATO..... BOB VICATO
LAY YOUR EVIL EYE OFF ME!

Music: Bassey

“ WE “

We are Andy, Martin & Norrie
We live in Portobell-ee
We all love our bevy
Specially when it's Diggers Heavy
Specially Diggers Heavy
We like to play at football
But most of all we like to give it laldy.

Guess which two went to Trinity?
Guess what the other one did instead?
The two who went to Trinity
Have been good buddies for ten years
Buddies for ten years
Bu now a trio we are
Giving it plenty of laldy.

We lived in the Barry Beach House
But now we live in Ze-Pado-Porty
Now we better get out-a-there
Before they find the broken door
Find the broken door
We had to shoot him a line
'Cos we are nine and we should only be four.

Who do we drink with?
Do we know anybody boring?
Anybody boring, do we know anybody boring?
Anybody boring?
And as a point of interest
We like to give it lots of laldy

We are Andy, Martin & Norrie
We like to give it lots of laldeeee!

KYLE SONG TWO

Chorus

In Kyle and Plockton there's nae pubs and I'm sure you'll wonder why

The old Halfway went up one day
And drank the pubs all dry all dry
Drank the pubs all dry.

The upsidedown man he was here
And he was our star man
Fourteen nips and seven pints
Before the game began, me lads
Before the game began.

The Highland Queen is aff his heid
So's Ken and Roddy too
But sane the are as any man
Compared with mental Stu, me lads
Compared with mental Stu.

Though Kyle are fielding younger lads
We'll have to wait and see
If their ages all add up
To that of Willy D, me lads
That of Willy D.

We thought that we'd get thrashed me lads
When we went two behind
But the Geriatric Hat-trick man
Had other things in mind, me lads
Had other things in mind.

Here's to Elspeth, Any, Don and Niall
And all the folks in Kyle
And if we've managed nothing else
We hope we've made you smile, me lads
Hope we've made you smile.

SIX CRAWs

Six craws went across the w'a, went across the w'a, went across the w'a
Six craws went across the w'a
On a cold and frosty morning

The first craw had a visa made o' straw

The second craw couldnae run at a'

The third craw wis Willie fae Warsa'

The fourth craw had ripped his tights an' a'

The fifth craw wis dyin' fir a blaw

The sixth craw, he's still waitin' fir the thaw

Music : Trad Nursery

ABERDEEN SONG

Chorus

We're going up north to give it laldy
We're on our way to Eberdeen
And we'll really make them think
When they see how much we drink
'Cos we're the biggest bunch of bears you've every seen

The boys have played in London, they've played across the sea
They've played in Aberystwith and Inverleith three
We beat the teuchters up in Kyle, we think we're going back
But now we're up in Eberdeen, we hope ye like the crack.

The Northern Lights will shine you known, when we come into town
So just sit back, enjoy the crack and watch the pints go down
The Hearts will win the game although the Dons'll have control
'Cos Willie Miller he'll pop to score the vital goal.

Music : trad Cameron

LISBON SONG

1

Well I'm a-prayin' for this train to get to Lisbon
 'Cos we've only got a gallon left of wine
And Wee Specky looks so bad I think he's dyin'
But one cervejo and we know he'll be just fine.

Chorus

I asked the man, behind the bar, for the Jinja
 And the music takes me back to Tel Aviv
And he asked 'who's the fool in the corner?'
 I said LITTLE OLD JINJA DRINKER ME!

2

Well they said the beer was weak down here in Lisbon
 But I really made a mess of Mental Stu
So the next day we all thought he'd take it easy
But when he woke he said 'I'M FEELING TICKY-BOO'!

Chorus

3

Now we really made a hit down here in Lisbon
 And they think that we're a very special kind of breed
They were really so impressed with our national costume
 That's kazoo, red nose and balloon tied round the heid!

Chorus

Music: Martin, Dean

TINY PUB

There's a tiny pub
Down a tiny close
Where a Porty lad
Got himself a dose
And his cock swelled up
Quite unexpectedly
After heavy, heavy, half of Stella
Pint of beer, several nips
And going for a pee.

KING OF THE CLINIC

Oh I'm the king of the clinic
The Porty N.S.U.
And what I've got, I've got the lot
I wouldn't like to give to you.
OH, OOBEEEDO, I've got the N.S.U.
I've gotta walk like that
Talk like that, OOHOO !
You know it's true, when I goo to the loo
For a man like me, when I pee
OO HOO OO

MR SPOCK

Mr Spock had a very sore cock
And a very sore cock had he
It hurt when he laughed and it hurt when he cried
And it hurt when he went for a pee
You could hear him scream like a very bad dream
Every time he went to the loo
There's none so rare as can compare
With the Porty N.S.U.

THE YELLOW DOSE OF SPETSAI

Chorus

Oh the yellow dose of Spetsai, it's the worst I've ever seen
It covers all your penis and makes your balls turn green
And if you lose your trousers, it makes you look absurd
And he will regret the day, he stole the Captain's bird.

1

He went into the clinic, they said it was VD
They gave him a prescription, he said it's Greek to me
He went down to the doctor, who gave him lots of cream
He rubbed it on quite liberally, you have heard him scream

Chorus

2

The Captain wasnae bothered, he didn't mind at all
He always keen that Martin, had something on the ball
And when the doctor said 'no sex' he really was quite sick
But his girlfriend wasn't happy when she saw his spotted dick!

Chorus

TWELVE BOYS

Chorus

Twelve boys in the bus tra la la la la
We've got twelve boys in the bus tra la la la la
Twelve boys in the bus tra la la la la
And it looks like we're goin' to fuck the Flems!

1

I remember the last time at Wembley
The Rep pissed on Willy D
Oh the Auld Yin wasnae very happy
But the Rep shouted Wembley

Chorus

2

Keith and his mates make a foursome
And they say that anything goes
But they all know he works in Buzzini
So they're careful when they touch their toes

Chorus

3

Now Jeff is a man who is with us
And he doesn't have many foes
Be careful in case you get him angry
Or he'll turn round and tweek yer nose!

Chorus

4

The crew of the enterprise are with us
Spock, Scottie and James T Kirk
And we know they'll cause a lot of rammy
Not with phasers but with their dirks.

Chorus

PORTY SPACEMEN

1

We're the Portobello spacemen
We've got class.... Porty ya bass!

2

We live in the Barry Beach House
What can you say..... we give it laldy!

3

We all love bevy, we all love to sing
If you want to have some fun, just give us a ring!

4

We're the Portobello spacemen
Here comes the twist – we all get pissed!

BY THE SEASIDE

Oh I do like to be beside the seaside
Oh I do like to be beside the sea
Oh I do like to drink in the Sands Hotel
From opening time 'til the very last bell
Oh I do like to be beside the seaside
Oh I do like to be beside the sea
'Cos down at Portobelly, ye can gie it laldy
Beside the seaside, beside the sea.

Music: Party (contemp)

WEMBLEY SONG

Oh there used to be turf at Wembley
Now it's bare and it's empty
With our daggers and dirks
We went berserk
Bye bye Wembley

Now ye've heard of the famous twin towers
The next time they're goin' to be ours
There'll soon be a day
When there'll be no Wembley
'Cos it's all back home (In Bonnie Scotland)
It's all back home!

Music : Coloured Lady

ANFIELD SONG

If you go down to the kop today
You're in for a big surprise
If you go down to the kop today
You'll hardly believe your eyes
'Cos Ally's Tartan Army's here
And we're the boys the Welshmen fear
We're on our way, we're off to Argentina.

World Cup time for Ally's men
The boys have done it again
We're off to Buenos Aires
The English couldnae do it
They went and blew it
What a bunch of fairies
We'll be baskin' in the sun
The English they have none
And they are going spare
So don't cry for me Argentina
'Cos the BONNY SCOTLAND will be there!

Music : Ibrox Party

BELGIUM '79

Chorus

Didn't we have a lovely time, the week we went to Belgium
Twelve in the van, we were drunk every man
The driver was the worst, you know
And on the way back, we had a good crack and opened a bottle of Baileys
Singing a few of our favourite songs as the wheels went round.

1

First we went down the Tilbury Town, to play against the customs
I'm happy to tell, we did very well
Scored sixteen more than them, you know
And after the game we lived up to our name and gave it super-laldy
Singing away till the break of the day, 'til we all fell down.

2

Out on the piss we met Stephen the Swiss, who took us down to the kellar
Twelve Scottish bears went down the stairs
We drank the Belgian beer you know
The music was loud and Norrie MacLeod proceeded to give it laldy
Everyone met about three canny pets, we were all so proud.

3

We made it OK down Beveren way, to see big Andy Ritchie
The Scots scored a goal and Rod got his hole
It cost him twenty-five you know
He got a surprise when he looked at his Ys and found it very itchy
He started to cough and his willy fell off and his balls went brown.

4

Ewan and me and old Willy D went out for a night of laldy
The Rep bought at round, it cost him twelve pound
He wasnae very pleased you know
And after a while he went out with a smile although we tried to hold him
He came back looking red, he was holding his head and his eyes went round.

5

On Wednesday night though Scotland were shite, it didnae stop the laldy
And to the Grand Place we made it at last
The streets were full of Flems you know
We danced in a ring and John started to sing, the Belgians couldnae believe it
Although we had lost, we were proud to be Scots and we showed the flag.

Chorus one more time.....

Music : Trad Bangor

THE BRU SONG

For it's a grand old life the unemployment
For it's a grand life signin' on the bru
Yer better by far, down at Bennets Bar
That's the way to spend yer giro-o-o-o!

We don't care what the job centre says
What the hell do we care
For we're all so pleased
With our life of ease
We're the boys from Charterhall
We're on the bru..... so fuck you!

Music : chant

JUST MA IMAGINATION

Each day through ma windae I watch hur as she passes by.
I say to maself, you're such a lucky guy.
To have a girl like her is trooly a dream come true.
Out of all the fellas in the world, she belongs to me.

But it was just ma imagination, runnin away wi me.
It was just ma imagination, running away wi me.

Soon we'll be merried and raise a family. (Oh, yeah)
A cozy wee home oot in the country wi two weans, maybe three.
A tell ye, a can see it aw.
This couldnae be a dream, for too real it aw seems.

But it was just ma imagination, once again.
Runnin away wi me.
Tell ye it was just ma imagination,
Runnin away wi me.

THE HALFWAY HOUSE IN SKYE

A bus came rolling from the South, one dark and stormy een
It was full of Southern pish-heads, it was driven by McKean
They'd been on that road for so long now, no one remembered why
But they call themselves the Halfway House
And they're heading up to Skye

Hee-drum-ho, hee-drum-hi

The Halfway House in Skye

Now the Halfway are an awesome sight, they are a fearsome crew
There's Malcolm Keith and Hiram and a bam called Mental Stu
But the one they call the Highland Queen is strangest o' them all
And he likes to wear a toga made oot o' toilet roll

Hee-drum-ho, hee-drum-hi

The Halfway House in Skye

Now the games will bide in memory as long as they're alive
And the Skye boys cannae beat the lads no matter how they strive
Cos if the game is nearly over and they're into the last five
The Halfway plays its joker, and Clarky takes a dive

Hee-drum-ho, hee-drum-hi

The Halfway House in Skye

Now George Devine's a fine wee player, but the bench is where he sits

Despite some good performances at the Portabellie pitz

The game was nearly over he was tacking aff his bits

When came the shout of "subbie", cos Laidlaws got the shits

Hee-drum-ho, hee-drum-hi

The Halfway House in Skye

And when the game is over and the pubs are all drunk dry

The Halfway hit the road again and Portree can breathe a sigh

But I've heard a little rumour that will strike a note of fear

They're saving up their pensions, and coming back next year

Hee-drum-ho, hee-drum-hi

The Halfway House in Skye

Music: Collins Jones 2006

WE'RE JUST HERE

No lemonade the auld yin said
No oringina with the bits you should awake
No Highland Spring (No Benzine Ring)
Not even Barbican or Strawbwrry milk shake

No Irn Bru said Mental Stu
No orange juice or herbal teas that make ye spew
No diet coke no ice cream float
There's only one thing we want going down our throat

Chorus

We're just here to drink the yer bevy
We're just he're to drink yer wine and beer
We're just here to drink the yer bevy
And if we get enough then we'll be bacl next year.

No beans on toast No Sunday roast
No mincen tatties (that's the scan we love the most)

No curlywurlys and No Kit Kats
No jeely pieces chucked from @0 storey flats
No Jellied eels No wagon wheels
No Milky way that you can eat between yer meals

The things we're after are nippy sweets
And paracetemol's the only thing we'll eat

Chorus

SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO DONALD

Martin called when he got the word

He said , 'Ah suppose ye've heard.....about Donald'

Well I made my excuses, about no goin to Skye

I pleaded with Martin, I begged and I cried

Then a white minibus pulled up with Donald inside

CHORUS

Well I know what he's thinking an what he's gonna do

He's dropped his keks already and we huvnae reached the zoo

'cos for 25 years I've been sittin right next to Donald

25 years of Kristofferson's words

Attracting all the loonies and scaring off the burds

I'll never get use to sittin right next to Donald

Well we made it to Skye and the journey was just fine

Although I've seens someone's arse 24 times

And aye ...yer right...it was Donalds

But they're givin out rooms seein who shares wi who

I'm prayin fit Strawman, James, Christ even Stu!

But they put me in a double bed wi ...you know who

Chorus

Well it's Saturday morning the day of the game

He's makin a wee speech , it's always the same

He says tonight lads I promise I'll be quiet.

But it's 9 o clock and he's forgot what he's said

He's up on the bar with his pants on his head

And when he gets up to the microphone to sing...

Christ I wish I was dead,

Chorus

YESTERDAY

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away
Now it seems as though they're here to stay, oh I believe in yesterday

Leprosy, I'm not half the man I used to be
There are pieces falling off of me, oh yesterday came suddenly

CHORUS

Why she had to go I don't know she wouldn't say
I said something wrong now I long for yesterday

HIV, I've been positive since '83
No one comes within a mile of me, oh I believe in yesterday
Syphilis, I don't know how I contracted this
Feels like razor blades each time I piss, oh yesterday came suddenly

CHORUS

Tourette's, I have to admit that's as bad as it gets
I've been kicked out Asda's and the vets, oh I believe in yesterday
Flatulence, I've been driving her around the bend
To keep it in just doesn't make no sense, oh yesterday came suddenly

CHORUS

Masturbation, well she's problems with her lubrication
Now I only need a TV station, oh I believe in yesterday
Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away
Now I need a place to hide away oh I believe in yesterday

CHORUS

THE PAINTER

If a painter rakes about yer house, when he's on a job
Don't be too alarmed, he won't cause too much harm
When he's going through your underwear don't be too distressed
When he tries it on his head while he's jumping on your bed.

And when his tin of paint is running dry,
He'll pour himself a glass of malt

When he's really tanned your freezer and he's microwaved your grub
And smoked your 'ready rubbed' and fucked off to the pub
When he's doing all his laundry, spinning slowly round to dry
Before the cycle's through, he'll take a dump in yer loo

And one by one, he goes through every drawer
So please be sure to lock your valuables away

Music Rankin/Bread 2002

MENTAL STU

Here's a story and it's sad but true

About a guy called Mental Stu

They took him in and they worked on his brain

But he came back the very same

Hey, hey, um di da di day Hey, hey, um di da di day

Hey, hey, um di da di day

Ohhhhhh.....

You wake up in the morning and your head is still sore

A witch's hat and a kilt on your floor

A pair of shoes sticking out of your bed

One of them white, the other one's red

Chorus

Bridge:

Any time he gets a chance

Stu's upon the floor for a dance

Hey people let me put you wise

Stu's not like all the other guys

Chorus

From Calcutta to Xanadu

Everybody has heard of Stu

They all say that he's the man

He knows most of the words to Kubla Khan

Chorus

He's eccentric and that's no joke

Although he works like normal folk

He's mental and we've got the proof

He screams like a banshee and bangs on the roof

Chorus

SUBBIES SONG

I have been a subbie, I have sat alone
Watched a hunner matches sittin oan ma own
Av often said to Martinn , gonnae geez a start
But he just turns around and says
'sit doon ye sad wee fart'

There was a gemme in Rassay, back in 95
Ah didnae come tae Skye then, ma time had not arrived
But Martin Laidlaw's got that team sheet
Stuck up on a shelf
And though a wisnae there , he's got Devine at number 12

I have been a subbie, Ah sit over err
Av goat a hunner splinters in ma derriere
Av often said to Martin , gonnae geez a start
But he just turns around and says
'sit doon ye sad wee fart'

There was a gemme in Kyleachin in 2003
Clark wiz lookin chubby, Mackean had hurt his knee
Ah wiz so sure that ah'd be startin
Ah picked up jersey number nine
Then Martin said team photograph.....
You take it George Devine.

I have been a subbie, I have run the line
Av goat a thousand splinters in ma wee behind
Av often said to Martin , gonnae geez a start
But he just turns around and says
'sit doon ye sad wee fart'

There was that time when Norrie wiz about to score
He wiz gonnae chip the goalie, he's done it loads before
But then a put him off sae badly
By shoutin, 'geez it squerr!'
That he won that years sclaff
And doesnae talk tae me nae merr

I have been a subbie, I have sat alone
Watched a hunner matches sittin oan ma own
Av often said to Martinn , gonnae geez a start
But he just turns around and says
'sit doon ye sad wee fart'

AH WIZ THE MANAGER

Ah wiz the manager
And Ah tried and Ah tried
Teams that were drunk in bars in Skye
Teams that won cups when Amsterdam high
You know it looked so good and right

Ah wiz the manager
I'd have a smoke of grass
I looked through ma teamsheets all night
The team stars playin football so bright
I'd see Norrie and Andy fly
Pick me Martin they all would say
And everyone knew Ah wiz right
And we'd sing lalalalalalalalalaaa

We went to many bars
When I wiz manager
Whisky, vodka a few miller lite
Heavy., lager and fir me a blow and a sprite
Singin Dancin laldy all night
But not enough for 22 shites

A new manager
One gemme he retires
another manager
And he hides and he hides and he hides
Asleep on the pillow
And what does he see
He's moanin ..he's been hurt
The Rep is grinning in a number 7 shirt
Manus huffin a stomp of the park
Hot Shot Hamish is off the mark
Norrie is singin again
Got the sclaff a huff no playin again
Inside mentals head
Kubla Khan and a boot that's red
Keith killin Rod Stewart songs
An he's releasing mingin pong
Stuck wi Chris at the end o the bar
Fitba tactics frae Stranraer..
Martin's stoned his ers is screamin
Melted face Mccran is steamin
Clark is guilty a dippers fate
Georges comedy puncline ..timin ...late
Mark is drivin on the Kurb

Backdoor wiz handsome but lonesome noo
Brian's depressed the team can't deliver
Cethcert's deid cause he forgot cod liver
Malcy's no here nor the Strawman
Ronnie the thief nor Dave the lawman
Nae huffy Macduff or Peter the barred

And Simon's voice is in ma head
Donald smirkin in ma bed
Yez should huv stuck wi Martin instead
Coz he's singin
Hahahahahahaahahahahaha

Music Laidlaw/Iggy Pop 2007

SIMON'S SONG

You talk like you're always shouting
And you dance like three legged duck
Your hairstyle is bit like Yule Brynners
And you're the size of a seven ton truck,... aye ye are

You live in a fancy apartment
On the boulevard Morton Street
Where you keep all your Madness records
And your drawing room's kept ever so neat,...so I've heard

But where do you go to dear Simon
Standing alone on your line
Quite still as the ball whistles passed you
If your in there please give us a sign, if you can

We've seen all your qualifications
You got from Soapdodgers Tech
But you practice your lawin in auld reekie
Like a cross between batman and Shrek,...aye ye do

When you go on your summer vacation
You go to Italia
With your carefully designed crotchless swimsuit
You get an even suntan on your back
And on your Knob

But where do you go to dear Simon
When the skye team takes a shot
If you'd just try to catch that white round thing
We might start to like you a lot, aye we might

You befriend lots of low life and alchys
You know John McCran
You're no very sure where he came from
But you keep him just for fun, for a laugh hahaha
And at the weekend you're found in The Dalriada
With the rest of the sad set
Where you glug down your Becks and your Stellas
And you havnae missed your mooth yet (no surprise)

But where do you go to dear Simon
When your pickin the ball out of the net
You've been comin to Skye for 10 years now
And you haven't kept one clean sheet , no ye've no

I remember a game in Kyleachin,
When you kicked a big chunk of fresh air
We all cried as the ball trundled goalwards
And wondered if you really cared, gave a toss

So look into my face Simon Collins
And remember just who you are
That's a no very good short arsed goalie
Who cannae quite reach the bar when you jump

I know where you go to dear Simon
When your alone in your bed
You're dreamin you're like Arthur Boric HA
Mair like Aurthur Askey instead!

Music MaCleod/Stastedt 2009

OH MCKEAN

I've never been lucky with flats I'll confess
Don't know who to blame for my lack of success
But there's one who's amongst us
You know who I mean, that kens aboot hooses
It's Andy McKean

chorus

Oh mckean, oh mckean
Let me rent hooses like you
Oh mckean, oh mckean
Let me rent hooses like you

The first time ah met ye, ye just hud the one hoose
Ye shared it wi Susan, 5 poofs and a moose
The next time ah met ye, ye had 42 mair
Over in Italy in garfaniay

Oh, mckean.....

Oh he rents thum he rents thum he rents thum
Rents thum he rents thum he rents thum
He rents thum he rents thum he rents tum
Rents thum he rents thum he rents thum

He rents thum forever he rents thum fer good
He'll rent oot yer hoose just they the way that he should
He works wi the tallys an takes aw their cash
Then it's back hame tae porty and oot on the lash

Oh mckean.....

Now Andy and Susan they travel afar
They get where they're gaun tae by rail or by car
They're just back frae New York, you know it's a fact
But did ye ken it wis paid fer by oor council tax?

Oh mckean.....

Now Andy's wee daughters is Molly mckean
The finest ba' player I ever have seen
She'll win the full honours ye ken that's a fact
But the nearest that he got wis Susan's Dutch cap

Oh mckean.....

Now Andy is famous in garfaniay
Cos he rents oot their hooses without a delay
He's always oot searching, always on the hunt
And that's why ower there, that he's known as the cunt!

Oh mckean

WE'RE THE HALFWAY

We've been playing together since that morning back in May, 30
years ago, so they say
And we've been drinking together all that time and that is why, I'm
amazed we're still alive

Because,

We're the halfway,
We're on Skye and we want to sing for you
We're the halfway,
And we'll drink all the bevy that you bring wi you,
We're the halfway,
We're the boys, the boys to entertain you,
We're the halfway,
We don't bite, well apart from mental Stu

All the good times,
All the times when we won by a mile
All the bad times
Like the time we lost 7-3 in Kyle
All the memories
All the times, the good and the bad,
They're the best times I ever had

We know other people who don't drink before the game
And we think that's rather tame
Cos we're not like other people, we do things our own way
Six pints and then we play (aye and we usually do ok)

Because,

We're the halfway,
Aye we're old but you know that we're more than able
We're the halfway,
Tae gie it laldy and drink ye under the table
We're the halfway,
We a sing and if anybody's listenin',
We're the halfway,
We're available fir funerals, wddings and christenigs

All the good times,
All the times when we could do no wrong
All the bad times
All the scuffs immortalized in song
All the memories
30 years of friendship stood the test
the halfway boys are the best

Now I know that we, arnae angels not by far
Ah mind Ronnie smith trashed a tent and nicked a car
But all in all we've been behaved though some have been a bit
depraved
30 years of fun and frolics for a bunch of amiable alcoholics

We're the halfway,
We're on Skye and we want to sing for you
We're the halfway,
And we'll drink all the bevy that you bring wi you,
We're the halfway,
We're the boys, the boys to entertain you,
We're the halfway,
We don't bite, well apart from mental Stu

All the good times,
All the times when we won by a mile
All the bad times
Like the time we lost 7-3 in Kyle
All the memories
All the times, the good and the bad,
They're the best times I ever had

Music MacLeod/Reid Bros 2008